

The Ormen



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The Omen

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Editors and Staff

Jacob Chabot.....Claudius, the Murderous King
Michelle Beach.....Gertrude, the Slutty Queen
Wade Stuckwisch.....Pissed off Ghost
Michael Pierce.....Laertes, Ophelia's Brother
Jennifer Gifford.....Ophelia, Dead Schizo
Jess VanScoy.....Grave Digger, Very Funny
Michael Zole.....Polonius, Old Humorless Fart
Keely Flynn.....Rosencrantz & Guildenstern, Idiots
Jason Wilder Konschak.....Prince of Denmark,
trapped in a dramatic inner conflict about right and wrong,
action and reaction, love and hate, life and death, etc.

Contributors

Evan A. Baker
Caleb Chabot
Gareth Edel
Sean Green

Cover By
Jacob Chabot



"My room is like
my vagina: I have to
keep it clean and I
don't like when it's
violated."

Quote Attributed to
Wade Stuckwisch

Submit to us ...

The *Omen* accepts submissions from any member of the Hampshire community. **We won't edit anything you write** (unless it's for spelling or grammar), as long as you're willing to **be responsible for what you say** (sign your real **NAME**). Libel, which we personally find amusing and entertaining for countless hours, is just not an option in this forum.

Submissions can include anything involving the Hampshire community and are due on Wednesday nights at 8 PM. **Submit to Michael Pierce** (C-411, box 916). If you're interested in writing regularly, talk to Jacob Chabot (B-308, x4445). **We prefer submissions on disk**—IBM or high density Mac—but hard copy is okay. **Label your stuff well** and it will get back to you.

Also, every Tuesday following the release of an issue is the official *Omen* meeting in the Airport Lounge at 9:30 PM. We will discuss important topics like the upcoming issue and the ever-prevalent dawn of the Planet of the Apes.

So give us your news, commentary, short fiction, comics, satire, first born, poetry, art, bulletins, questions, and anything else you can think of, and your beloved community rag will dish it back 700 times. What better way to be heard?

The Omen is a completely **nonpartisan** forum for expression. The views and opinions expressed in this publication are those of the authors' alone.



The Human Speaks!

An Editorial

by Jacob Chabot

Remember when you were a kid, and it seemed that every moment before Christmas lasted an eternity? Now, Christmas is more like a hit and run. You're just walking along, then BAM! CHRISTMAS! And by the time you can comprehend what happened, all you see is its tail end as it sprints away, perhaps circling the globe in order to hit you next year. What the hell happened? Do we lose the spirit of Christmas as we age? Is it just that the more time we have to reference, the faster it seems to go? **Oh, screw this shit! Mr. Stuckwisch, you are full of crap.**

This is in reference to your article "You Should All be Ashamed" from the last issue of *The Omen*. If Hampshire works so damn well, then why are over forty percent of the students leaving? Obviously, something is wrong here. I can only assume that you've had it pretty easy here, that you've had good advising, and a useful program of study. Most students here feel that their advisors are not doing their jobs. Their advisors either push them aside, ignoring them in favor of older students, or don't have a clue what is going on.

I personally have had five

advisors. The first one handed me off to her next door neighbor, citing too many advisees. The second one did not even know my name and continually refused to meet with me. At this point it was my second year and I had no Div Is completed. She said I was doing fine. Then she went to London for a year and didn't tell me. My next advisor looked promising. He actually taught the subjects that I was interested in. Then he retired. I approached every professor in the computer and art departments and they all said no. My next advisor was a physics professor. My final advisor took a look at all the work I had done over the past three years and handed me a list of requirements that I needed to complete before I could finish my Div II. Because he is a fine arts professor, he pushes me in that direction.

I also had a bitch of a time completing my Div Is. Most of this was due to unwritten rules that none of my advisors told me about when I told them my plans. Like that you can't two-course NS. I found this out after I had already taken two NS courses and tried to do it. I ended up having to take yet another NS course to do a project with. Three NS courses

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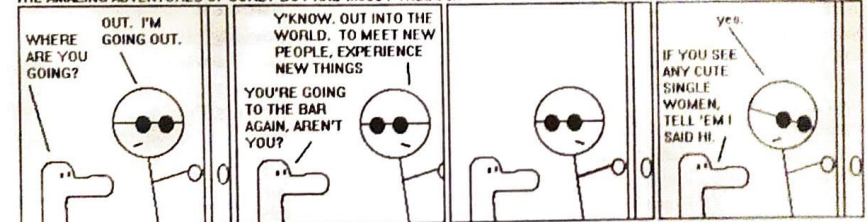
equals a waste of my college time. Also, they wanted me to two-course HA. (All of you first and second years have a totally different system now, I'm sure. Is it any wonder nobody knows what's going on here?) I didn't want to two-course HA! I needed those classes for my Div 2! I went to about a dozen people to do a project with before I found someone in the psychology department. For my HA Div I on comic books.

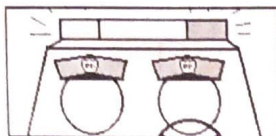
Hampshire is hardly a semi-prestigious school. Because we don't have grades, because we can major in things like frisbee, and many of the other things that you consider good things, Hampshire is considered a joke. At least at UMASS I feel like I'm learning useful skills. Students feel that for less money, one could go to another school, one that's actually respected, one that can actually educate you—not just hand you a diploma once your committee gets sick of you. If you wait too long, you can't even transfer because no school will accept Hampshire evaluations as credit. Is it any wonder students are bailing out of here en masse? Just look at the facts.

And try to take some time and look forward Christmas this year.

by Jacob Chabot

THE AMAZING ADVENTURES OF SURLY BOY AND MCCOY THE DUCK





POLICE LOG!

November 9 - November 29

Disturbance

Nov. 9, 1:41 a.m.: Franklin Patterson Hall; noise complaint
Nov. 10, 1:05 a.m.: Prescott; loud music lowered
Nov. 11, 8:09 a.m.: Prescott; noise complaint
Nov. 12, 2:52 a.m.: Greenwich; noise complaint
Nov. 13, 2:32 a.m.: Prescott; noise complaint
Nov. 13, 7:30 p.m.: Multi-Sport; student being aggressive and disorderly toward another player—gone upon arrival
Nov. 13, 11:55 p.m.: Merrill; noise complaint
Nov. 14, 12:01 a.m.: Merrill; noise complaint
Nov. 14, 2:06 a.m.: Prescott; loud unauthorized party—shut down
Nov. 14, 2:15 a.m.: Greenwich/Enfield; two kids trashing bikes
Nov. 17, 10:30 p.m.: Dakin Quad; loud gunshot-like noise
Nov. 18, 1:06 a.m.: Enfield; caller thought they heard screams
Nov. 19, 2:07 a.m.: Merrill; noise complaint
Nov. 19, 4:29 p.m.: Enfield; upset student
Nov. 20, 12:42 a.m.: Prescott; whistle heard—nothing found
Nov. 20, 4:30 a.m.: Greenwich; two males trying to break light bulb—suspects ran
Nov. 20, 7:02 a.m.: Enfield; entry to turn off alarm clock
Nov. 21, 4:13 a.m.: Merrill; unfounded
Nov. 21, 7:29 p.m.: Enfield; alarm in room
Nov. 23, 10:25 a.m.: Greenwich; noise complaint

Larceny/Breaking Fire and Entering

Nov. 16, 1:20 p.m.: Johnson Library Center; computer items were taken
Nov. 17, 3:30 p.m.: Greenwich; no info at this time
Nov. 24, 2:00 a.m.: Dakin; items stolen from vehicle
Nov. 26, 10:15 a.m.: Multi-Sports; handbag stolen from vehicle
Nov. 29, 9:49 a.m.: Merrill/Dakin Lot; no info at this time

Vandalism

Nov. 18, 4:10 a.m.: Dakin; Gate chain broken

Drug Abuse Violation

Nov. 9, 4:20 p.m.: Merrill; no info at this time
Nov. 9, 4:26 p.m.: Merrill; water pipe confiscated

Safety Hazard

Nov. 9, 4:12 p.m.: Merrill; student on ledge of 2nd floor
Nov. 9, 4:01 p.m.: Dakin; two men on roof, might have weapon
Nov. 16, 12:48 a.m.: Robert Crown Center; pool door open/bike shop padlock open

Miscellaneous / Special Services

Nov. 18, 10:05 p.m.: Prescott House Office; requested two flashlights
Nov. 21, 8:07 p.m.: Dumpster; searched for lost walkman
Nov. 23, 7:00 p.m.: Cole Science Center; elevator unlocked
Nov. 29, 6:30 a.m.: Saga; keys to cooler were misplaced—found keys

Fire

Nov. 12, 4:10 p.m.: Machine shop; no info at this time

Fire Alarm

Nov. 14, 6:26 p.m.: Prescott; no info at this time
Nov. 15, 8:14 p.m.: Prescott; cooking smoke
Nov. 16, 3:47 p.m.: Prescott; cooking smoke
Nov. 20, 4:14 a.m.: Merrill; pull station—no fire

Intrusion Alarm

Nov. 9, 9:44 a.m.: Cole Science Center; accidental
Nov. 16, 5:00 p.m.: Johnson Library Center; gallery alarm
Nov. 16, 8:20 p.m.: Johnson Library Center; gallery alarm
Nov. 17, 12:46 p.m.: Johnson Library Center; gallery alarm
Nov. 18, 12:54 a.m.: Johnson Library Center; gallery alarm—no problem seen
Nov. 18, 12:27 p.m.: Film and Photo; no info at this time
Nov. 19, 8:13 a.m.: Robert Crown Center; door #5
Nov. 27, 2:52 p.m.: Film and Photo; accidental

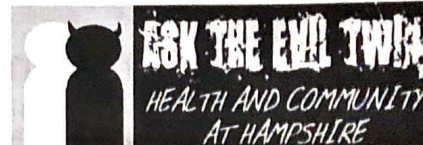
Escort

Nov. 14, 7:30 p.m.: Dakin; escort from Dakin to Enfield

Animal

Nov. 16, 8:16 p.m.: Prescott Quad; dog on campus
Nov. 21, 5:53 p.m.: Greenwich; mouse in room

City of Brotherly Love



by Gareth Edel

“Do you ever ask why?” The words seemed surprisingly profound coming from the man’s mouth as he rings up my lunch order. They followed up another question. He had asked whether I believed that family members will always love each other. His second question came after I paused. I hadn’t really thought much about it so I had shrugged and said that I guessed that I probably did believe in it. I stood there wondering what had brought me to that conversation.

Despite my lowly status on the academic totem pole I had decided to go to a professional academic conference. It had seemed like a good idea at the time, but wasn’t.

I arrived for the anthropology conference on a Tuesday night. The conference ran from

the following morning to Sunday afternoon. The conference was in Philadelphia. I had borrowed the keys to my grandfather’s house even though he was out of town, and I was staying alone.

On the long bus ride down to Philly from Massachusetts I thought it would be nice to be on my own. **I had a fantasy about being in a city alone where I didn’t know anyone.** I am a social person, I thought I could meet people. I pictured myself impressing the academics, asking great questions, working as a volunteer and stopping at the new exciting Philadelphia night spots each evening.

In reality I was lonely and working hard. I only left the conference between eight AM and nine or ten PM for a break

around noon for lunch and a short dinner break at about five or five thirty. The bus ride from my Grandfather’s house to the convention center down town was about half an hour and so I was waking up early each morning and I got dressed up in a tie to look like the crowd at the convention. With my fourteen hour day I usually wasn’t excited enough to brave wandering around a city I had never spent any time in after ten at night. With the added worry of the buses stopping running, so each night I went home, made myself a sandwich and watched a little TV. on the small black and white set that was in the kitchen. I realized after the first day that I wasn’t having much fun, and by midday on Thursday as I had set out for lunch I was in bad spirits.

I spent most of my lunch break on Wednesday wandering *continued on page 6*

Suspicious Person

Nov. 11, 2:07 p.m.: Bridge Cafe; person asked to leave campus
Nov. 12, 12:16 a.m.: Merrill Lounge; checked OK
Nov. 18, 7:45 a.m.: Merrill; no info at this time
Nov. 18, 7:30 p.m.: Johnson Library Center; checked OK—escorts from Peace Pagoda
Nov. 19, 10:36 a.m.: Johnson Library Center; no info at this time
Nov. 19, 1:02 a.m.: Four Corners; no info at this time
Nov. 19, 2:16 p.m.: Yurt Area; checked OK
Nov. 19, 9:45 p.m.: Library Circle; checked OK

Suspicious Vehicle

Nov. 20, 1:15 a.m.: Front House; Parking Lot—checked OK

Liquor Law Violation

Nov. 12, 12:59 a.m.: FPH lot; open container—contents discarded

Motor Vehicle Accident

Nov. 17, 12:00 p.m.: Warner House; car accident, man sitting on the side of Rte. 116, ambulance requested
Nov. 19, 9:00 a.m.: Health Services; car hit

Motor Vehicle Stop

Nov. 14, 2:03 p.m.: Prescott; ran stop sign
Nov. 21, 2:44 a.m.: Main Drive; stop sign violation, speeding
Nov. 26, 8:33 p.m.: Johnson Rd.; no info at this time

Unwanted Person

Nov. 18, 1:58 p.m.: Johnson Library Center; person hanging in Airport Lounge—asked to leave campus
Nov. 29, 10:03 a.m.: Cole Science Center; escorted from campus
Nov. 29, 5:30 p.m.: Johnson Library Center; person sleeping in Airport Lounge

A Heartwrenching Holiday Story

continued from page 5

around the bland business district that surrounds the convention center. The second day I was intent on finding a cool place. Needless to say half an hour into my break I was still strolling and as I walked back I was disappointed with the effort wasted. I stopped at a grubby little coffee shop that advertised Philly cheese steaks and stood there looking at the plastic menu over the counter. I hadn't noticed that I was the only guy in a tie in the place and I was the only young person there. Those details didn't bother me, but they did make me stand out slightly. I say that I stood out because the man in his fifties who ran the counter, and as it turned out owned the place leaned over and spoke to me. "Need any help?"

"I'm just not sure what I want."

"Specials are right there."

"I guess since I'm in Philly I'll have the cheese steak sandwich."

"You should just say cheese steak."

"Oh."

While I waited for my meal I asked him to add on a side of collard greens and we started talking, he was Joey, and he ran

the restaurant. I thought that it was strange to call a coffee shop with four tables against the wall a restaurant. He asked where I worked. I said I was just visiting the city and we chatted about New York, brotherly love and the fact that he had never heard of a New Yorker who ate collards. It was the first pleasant conversation in over twenty four hours and I was sad that it ended as my food came.

Although the conference was interesting after that encounter I looked forward to a meal at the coffee shop each day. I would finish doing my job for the morning shift and drop off my attendance counts with my boss, then walk and smoke over to see Joey at the coffee Shop. The black guy who worked the grill was great, joking and insulting Joey as we talked and he would occasionally turn and joke with me about anything. Joey told me his story in those first three meals.

Joey had worked at a place that was famous for it's Cheese Steaks, in the kitchen. He was proud when he said he had cooked hundreds of cheese steaks a day at the restaurant where cheese steaks had been invented. Then when he was in his fifties he had started to look at his life. He planned to open his own place, and he realized he was gay. When he told me that his voice lowered

even though it was just the cook and us there. He had explained that his two grown up kids had stopped talking to him and his wife had died a few years before. He was sad about his kids, but knew he couldn't be happy without making some changes in his life.

I don't remember all of his story.

It was on Sunday as we talked again and I told him I was heading back up to New York and then school that he asked me: He asked whether I believed that family members will always love each other. I paused, I shrugged

"I guess that I probably do believe it."

"Do you ever ask why?"

"Nope. I am not sure I ever gave it much thought."

It was Joey's turn to pause. He said that he had always thought when he was going to tell his kids about his being gay that eventually they would accept him. But as time passed he found no break in their coldness. That afternoon I said good-bye, returned to the conference and then to New York. I haven't been back to Philly yet, but that was just before Christmas last year and I was thinking that I hope Joey's kids send him a Christmas card this year.

Mixed Messages About Oblivion

by Michael Benni Pierce

So I decided to skip storytime this week. I says to myself, "If this could possibly be my last literary work for the *Omen* before I die, what would I want people to remember me by before they die too?" I mean, so far, I haven't said much this semester: I had a man have his memory erased by the U.S. military, I counted how many times I could use the words penis, vagina, and testicular cancer in an article, and I even had a one-legged man kill himself because of an infestation of ladybugs. Absurd? Yes. Realistic? Sometimes. Chock full of self-reflection and meaning? I don't fuckin' think so.

I wonder, "Is this how I want people to remember me when I'm long gone after Y2K brings my computer to life with a virus that makes it murder me at the stroke of midnight on December 31?"

After deep consideration, I decided probably not; I would rather them remember me by something a little shorter, a little wittier, and full of a lot more meaning: the epitaph on my gravestone.

But writing a few words to represent who you were in life is not as easy as you would think. I mean, you've only got ten short words. And do you want to make someone laugh? Someone cry? Someone mourn? And you know that when people read gravestones, they expect just as much out of the dead as they do the living. "I hope Benni finally got something right now that he's dead."

I hope so too.

At first, I thought my epi-

taph should be something profound, like, "I took on the world but it fucked me up the ass," or "Damn Beavers." Seeing as neither of these truly represented me, I thought that some single words might do the trick, such as, "Mango," "Yowsers," "Peace," or, better yet, "Horse."

However, there's an inherent problem in using only one word. People see all of that extra space and say, "Gee - they wasted a lot of space." And you know, even though you are dead, that they aren't referring to all of the unused space on your gravestone . . .

So I thought that maybe the key to a great epitaph would be to reveal some secret of life for people to read and feel enlightened by. The first one that popped into my head was, "Shit happens," but that one seemed too cliché. What if I changed it so that people didn't recognize it? "Poop happens." No. "Poop does stuff." Nope. "Poopy smells unky." Not in this lifetime.

Maybe a different kind of secret is the way to go. Maybe it would be written on my gravestone, "The Kid Sees Bruce Willis Because Bruce is a Dead Person." Eh, who am I kidding? Everybody has seen that movie by now.

Just where does all of this leave me then? Without an epitaph? Without a gravestone to mark my final resting place? Maybe I should just have a gravestone with a dry erase board on it that says, "Write on me."

But then it struck me. There is one word that I could put on my gravestone that would, at once, claim attention, cause profound

thinking, and most of all, offend lots of people. This word is whore.

"Everything I ever needed to know about life I learned from a whore."

Or, "You gotta get back on the whores."

Or, "Damn whores."

Or, "Whores whores whores."

Or, "My kingdom for a whore."

Or, my favorite, "Whoreton hears a whore." It's not an epitaph, but it sure is funny.

But is that what I want to truly leave to this world? Am I as shallow as to write a message about whores on my final resting place? Do I have any morals? DO I HAVE ANY MORALS??

But then I forget - this isn't about morals, this is about me. I can write whatever I want on my gravestone and you will just have to deal with it, fucker. I'm the dead one here—not you. NOT YOU!

What do you care anyway? You're still alive.

Maybe.

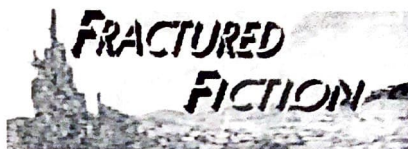
If you aren't dead already.

We may all be dead soon.

We may all be dead—then who will bury us? Will Y2K spare those of us who bury people for a living and carve gravestones? Will this fuckin' thing be that sophisticated?

Then another revelation came to me. My final resting place shall read, "My Only Regret in Life was Not Having Kissed the Sun." Below that it would read, "Now that I'm Dead, my only regret is not having fucked a whore."

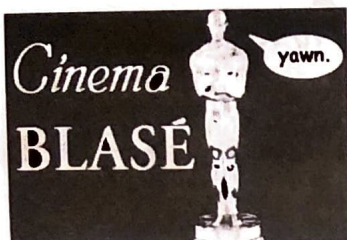
How true, how true.



THE AMAZING ADVENTURES OF SURLY BOY



by Jacob Chabot



by Wade Stuckwisch

Hey all. So this is the last Omen of the year, is it? I guess I better write about everything I want to talk about right now, then...

Sleepy Hollow: Johnny Depp action figures. Tell me that wouldn't be the coolest toy ever. There would be Edward Scissorhands, Hunter S. Thompson, Donnie Brasco, Ed Wood, the guy from "Dead Man," and of course now Ichabod Crane, the hero of Washington Irving's classic "The Legend Of Sleepy Hollow," as revamped by Tim Burton and some screenwriter guy, who need not be named here because the screenplay wasn't really very good. That said, I did enjoy this movie, wait, that was just a huge run-on sentence, wasn't it, if not a touch pretentious also? Oops. So as I was



"Giant dog? Where"

Being Wade Stuckwisch...

saying, the screenplay was kinda sketchy, but for some reason I liked the movie anyway. Tim Burton did it.

And there were a bunch of severed heads. And Christopher Walken plays the Headless Horseman, pre-beheading. And no, that did not give anything away. That's probably why I liked it, because Christopher Walken was in it. Christopher Walken is so cool.

Thanksgiving: How was my Thanksgiving, since I know you've all been dying to ask? It was OK. It could have been better, especially if my friends back home weren't the most antisocial people alive. I saw an old friend I haven't seen in years, but we wound up going to some crowded bar in St. Catherine's with like ten other people and I barely got to talk to her all night. The best part of the whole break, though, was definitely church with my family on Thanksgiving morning. The whole service was about "Give thanks to God for your blessings," meanwhile all I could think was, "Well, God, I'm so pissed at Your Creation right now that I'm completely ungrateful for everything, but it's probably OK since most likely you're either not there or you don't give a shit. See

ya at Christmas, bro." But I did get to see ECW on MSG so it wasn't all bad. And I saw a couple movies...



"Fucking phantom horse! It's just a mouse!"

Princess Mononoke: That's right, anime fanboys and fangirls, I saw "Princess Mononoke" in theaters and you didn't. Ha ha. So in this movie Gillian Anderson plays a big-ass angry wolf and Claire Danes plays a warrior princess who's been raised by wolves. If that isn't cool, then I don't know what is. Oh yeah, and Minnie Driver is this tall evil woman who rules a place called Iron City that's destroying this big magical forest with these little white things with oddly-shaped heads that rattle. Well, actually the movie is a cartoon so I suppose I should say that the above mentioned actors *voice* the aforementioned characters, not play them. Oh yeah, and there's a big weird elk with a human face, and giant boars. Whatever. You could say that the movie is some sort of metaphor for the delicate balance between man and nature, but it's way more complex than any sort of "Fergully" hippie bullshit that

...Drinking Loads of Booze

would come out of the United States. And way, way, more violent, too, with gods and big-ass demons and severed limbs and everything. This ain't no "My Neighbor Totoro," bizatch. Do any of you actually remember "Fergully"? I hope not.

Rape: Hey, remember when those women got attacked at the other Four Colleges? Boy, that was a scary couple days, huh? Well, back to those final projects now...

Mumia: I guess Mumia Abu-Jamal has received a stay of execution until the 20th of December. Merry Fucking Christmas.

Rape: Yes, that last bit on the sexual assaults was an attempt at sarcastic social commentary. Now don't you have a project to work on?

Being John Malkovich: If I was John Malkovich for fifteen minutes, what would I do? Hmm, I really don't know. I think I would figure out how to do more nude scenes with Uma Thurman. John Cusak (well, his character anyway) has much different plans, despite the fact that he is married to Cameron Diaz (well, her character anyway). This movie helps prove my theory that the only way men will ever notice an attractive actress's acting abilities is by putting her in a frumpy wig and a bulky sweater. "Being John Malkovich" is Spike Jonze's debut feature film—he's the guy who did the video for Weezer's "Buddy Holly" and a bunch of other odd music videos. He takes an interesting approach to doing this

film, taking a very surreal script and shooting it in the most grimy, underlit, low budget, hyper-realistic style possible. It's an interesting movie, even if it only goes skin-deep into any of the intellectual possibilities of the



Resistance is futile. You will be assimilated.

story it alludes to. Like it matters. Or like you would care about that. You care about the monkeys. And you bet this movie's got monkeys. Oh, does it have monkeys. See it for the monkeys.

WTO Protests: Man, it's about fucking time the pigs finally busted out the tear gas canisters and rubber bullets again. Wait, bear with me. Think about it. If things hadn't gotten violent at the WTO protests, would the protests have gotten half as much coverage from the blood-thirsty media? No. Now people

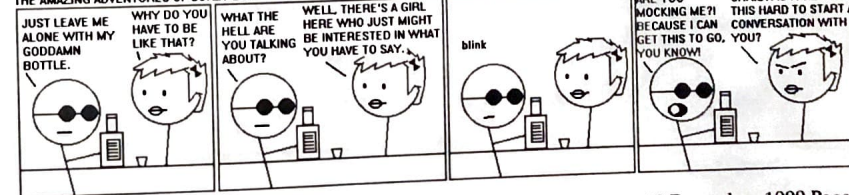
might actually learn about all the rotten shit going on with international commerce and the World Trade Organization, just because they were curious what all the violence was about. Plus, the liberal left in this country now knows that somebody up there is scared enough of them to call out the goon squad. Who says violence mars the image of the protests—we're talking about the country that gave birth to "Die Hard," football and professional wrestling. We worship violent individuals. Viva la violence! Let the muthafucka burn, baby!

Next Semester: Well, let's see... I'll still be stuck in the dorms (but I fully acknowledge that it's my own damn fault), I'll be trying to pull together a 20-minute film for my Div III, it'll be cold and dark, by the time it gets warm I'll be holed up with a 16mm editing flatbed for 18 hours a day, and I will no longer be able to deny the fact that I will be graduating and having my ass tossed out into the real world very shortly. I predict that I will go insane. Unless Y2K gets me first. Speaking of which...

Y2K: A phrase which will make its triumphant exit from the English language in less than a month. I'm just glad that when all the nuclear plants in Russia go Chernobyl, it'll still be daytime here so I'll know that my doom is coming. Raise a glass and say, "Peace out, 1999, I'm wasted and I've wasted another year." See y'all in 2000.

by Jacob Chabot

THE AMAZING ADVENTURES OF SURLY BOY

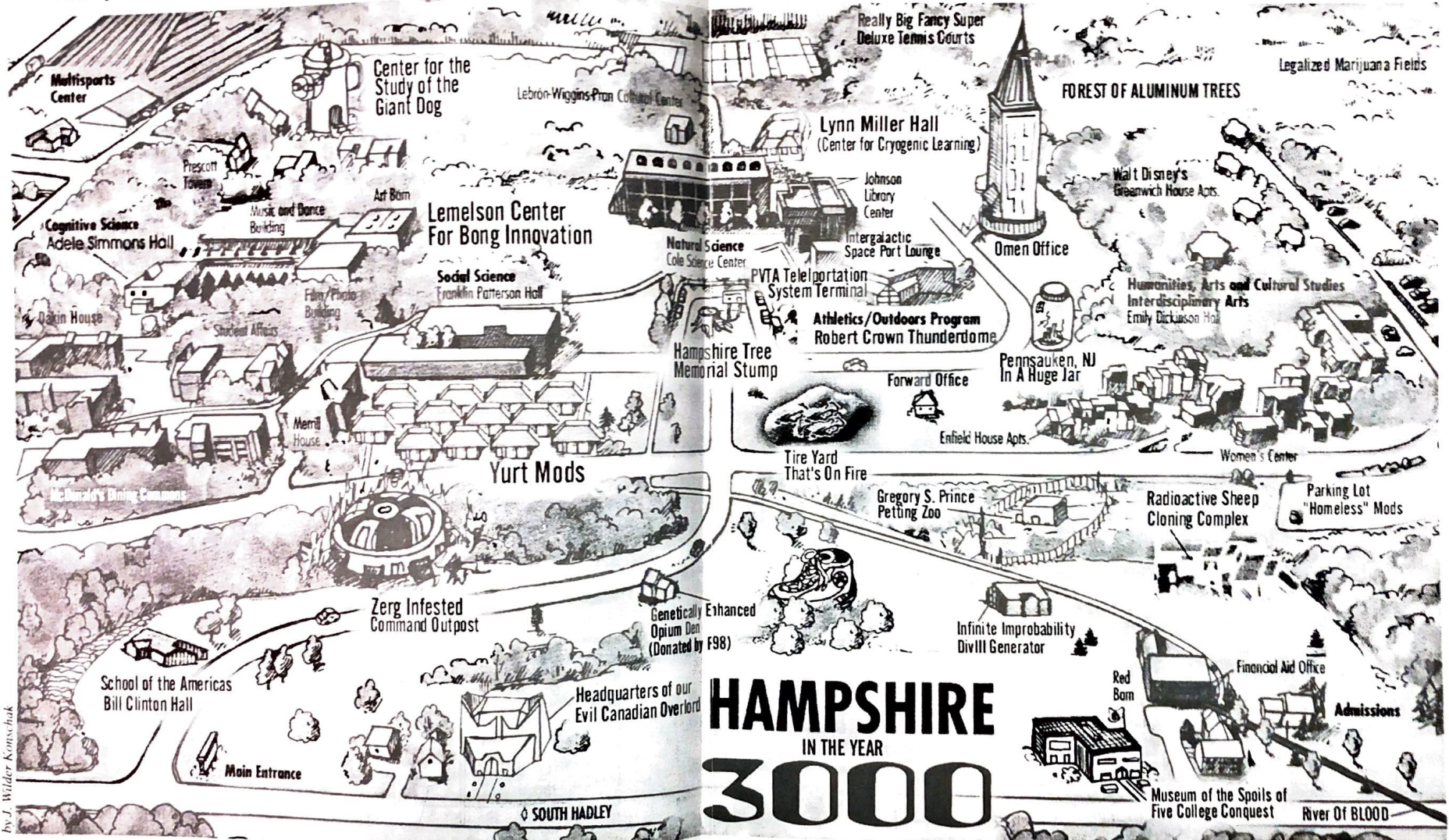


The disappointing thing about the year 2000 is that, suddenly, the time when all the neat stuff is supposed to happen gets pushed way back to the year 3000. And, dammit, that's 1000 years away! I'll be really old by then! Plus, who knows what could happen in 1000 years? By then, cars might be super advanced – have crazy 5 wheels and shit. Who knows? How can you even begin to guess?

I'll tell you how! We here at the *Omen* skipped an entire week of pizza and pros-

titutes to save up enough cash to hire Diette McAlester – Time Traveler for Hire. We sent him to the year 3000, and he brought us back many exciting items from the future. Included was this map of Hampshire College – which he thought might ... inform us all...

In closing, Diette gives us this advice: "I'd usually say something interesting and cool, which would make you think ... but you're all doomed! DOOMED! SO MAKE LOVE WHILE YOU CAN!"





by J. Wilder Konschak

I started this semester with the modest proposal that, if I were to set my expectations low enough, then I might find pleasure in the horse hockey I actually got. Now, having gathered the data from that experiment, I end this semester with a simple turn of phrase. "If you don't expect much, then it's sure to follow, *nothing much will happen.*"

If it weren't for the X's on my calendar, I'd have no way of knowing that months have passed: this moment could easily be some time last summer. Nothing has changed. I didn't win what I knew I wouldn't win (and not for lack of trying); I didn't lose what I knew I wouldn't lose (and not for lack of fucking up). The daily life of a sea turtle enjoys more intrigue and drama.

Such a simple, rational plan – it should have worked! Such splendidly low expectations – so carefully set! The most ambitious vow I made was to keep my underwear clean, and, *by kracky*, I did it! Admittedly, I did it by not wearing them, but – woe is me! – *that* thrill's the only thrill I've had all year! (except when I found the Christ Child in a packet of Ramen, and won \$3000 dollars reward...)

All this patience, compassion, and planning, all this "nice-guy" brouhaha, all the spoils of a wasted life, all of this, for who? For what? Huh? Sense? Reason? Kindness? What pink-puffs-n-bubbles of purple-smoke-n-foam! What comical chimeras conjured by Kyrie the Insufficient Compensation Dragon! What a truckload of dirty diapers! What conclusion, what alternate course of action, could possibly be drawn from this?

To Those Who Wait

Well, I think Prince put it best when he mused, "If the elevator tries to bring you down ... **Go Crazy!**" So, that's what I'm going to do, because god knows—it's more likely to fill my days with adventure, emotion, and thrill than my humble plans and careful compassion!

In short, here's my ultimate outline. I hope you'll play along with the home game.

1) **Relationships:** *The quickest way into a woman's heart, and smoothly into a woman's pants, is unquestionable and clear: the quickest way to a woman's soul—is witchcraft. Using spells perfected by the Gypsies and Druids, I'll flood my life with the light of reckless love, and my bed with the warmth of blazing passion. I shall also endeavor to make my eyes glow bright neon green, because that'd be real rad.*

2) **Social Life:** *I will fill a hat with the names of all the nations of the world. Whosoever I draw from that hat will be enslaved – by the sheer force of my will. Which means, I'll sit at home going, "I WISH THE IRISH WOULD BE MY SLAVES!" until they spontaneously give in.*

3) **Academics:** *I will dedicate my life to teaching the immortal plays of Shakespeare to the trees. If, having learned their parts, they refuse to perform for my slaves and I, they will be slashed and burned, one and all. Also, on the side, I'll obtain ev-*

erlasting life through the practice of perfect celibacy; except under the full moon, occasional oral sex, and of course, booty with girls whose names begin with consonants and end in vowels.

4) **Home:** *Anyone entering my room, including myself, will be required to remove his or her shirt. Also, I will rig a large bong apparatus to my heater, which will keep the pot content of the air at approximately a thousand parts per million. That should improve the mood.*

5) **Overview:** *In summation, I shall relentlessly and optimistically hurl myself headlong into madness, believing without any doubt in the most impossible dreams, regardless of how flatly I am denied them. I will live by hope alone, filling my days with madness until my just-deserts deliver – believing always that all things come to those who wait, and anything worth keeping is worth waiting for. Just look at Inigo Montoya! He waited 20 years to kill the 6-fingered man! If you can't be inspired by the indomitable optimism of The Princess Bride, well then... I shit a turd in your hat and put it upon your head.*

However, if after a year of this plan, I look back and see my life's still been a frustrating bore; if next year sucks like this one, then I'm going to start murdering people. And I'm going to start with Keely. I'll do it by summoning an incubus to suffocate her in her tormented sleep.

Because **WHY NOT?**



1999: The Year in Games



Section ZOLE



by Michael Zole

I'd rather not be known as the video game geek. This may be a futile protest, but it's a tough position to be in; since video games are a new technology, people will tend to make fun of you if you take them seriously. But consider this, film junkies: all of you would have been treated like grade-A jackasses in the early days of film, so be nice. Anyway, despite very real risk that the video game stigma will haunt me until the end of my days, I have decided to write an Omen article about games yet again. Hey, it's what I know. Just remember that I have other interests too, okay?

And this has been a colorful year in video game history. The Columbine shootings made video games, and specifically Doom, the target of a great deal of finger-pointing. The Sega Dreamcast was released and sold one million units in less than 90 days, a goal that took the Sony PlayStation six months. Donkey Kong 64, Nintendo's yearly "must-buy" title, was released to critical ambivalence-bordering-on-disappointment (well, come on, people, it's not Zelda!), and on the PC front, Quake III Arena and Unreal Tournament proved that **it's still fun to kill strangers with a rocket launcher. On the Internet, I mean.**

The Dreamcast launched this year on September 9th, and it was mighty successful. Some 14 titles were available on the first day, including some first rate games. I'd been following the Dreamcast closely for over a year, and let me tell you, Sega

has done a good job. I was a Nintendo loyalist for a long time, because the 8-bit NES simply ruled, but frankly, they've been dropping the ball a lot lately. There just haven't been enough notable games for the Nintendo 64. Sony has the opposite problem: too many games, often mediocre ones, and a glut of sequels. (Ahh, what an industry.) Sega may not have the marketing clout of Sony or the authentic charm of Nintendo, but Sega is working damn hard to deliver an excellent system with plenty of games and a controller that works pretty well once you get used to it. And frankly, the games are fucking good, so check them out.

Make no mistake, though, Nintendo is alive and well, but they owe this largely to Pokemon. In fact, the US sales charts have been absolutely dominated by various Pokemon-related games for quite some time now. If you haven't played Pokemon for the Game Boy, well, I can't really blame you; keeping track of all those little monsters is tough! All those little kids seem to be able to pick it up just fine, though. It kinda brings me back to the days when I thrived on memorizing long lists of seemingly useless data. Although my nostalgia receded when I saw the Pokemon movie and was reminded of how stupid little kids can be. At any rate, it seems like Pokemon is here to stay, until some Japanese company comes out with a cuter and more collectable form of entertainment. I'm casting my vote for "Seaman", a Dreamcast game in which you raise creatures that look like tadpoles with human faces. With the included microphone, you can even talk to your little Seamen. It's not out in America

yet, but Sega's bringing it over and they're not changing the name, so get your jokes ready.

On the PlayStation front, there were a lot of big releases, some of the biggest being Final Fantasy VIII, Resident Evil 3, and Tomb Raider 4. This seems a little sad to me, seeing as they're all sequels, but with Sony I'll take what I can get. Of course, I personally haven't played these games yet, because as rabid game collector, **it is impractical to buy a game for \$50 when it will be down to \$20 in six months, or even less if it sucks.** This is the beauty of the PlayStation!

In sadder news, Gran Turismo 2, which might be a sequel, will probably be delayed from the original expected release date of December 7th (although by the time you read this, who knows?). I can only imagine how many Christmases and Hanukkahs have been ruined by this news. Anyone who wants to form a vigilante squad and storm Sony's corporate offices with torches should feel free to do so.

So it's been a fun year, and if you haven't spent at least 750 hours in front of a television holding a controller since January 1, you're seriously missing out. Things will get especially interesting next year, when the PlayStation2 will make its debut and the gamers of the world will worship it as their new god. Not that I'm worried about the Dreamcast; it has the goods, and the games, to compete. My pal Sonic and I – we're going to regulate.





by Tequila "Keely" Flynn

You can't suffocate me with some fucky
● ● ● incubus for a good many reasons. I don't believe in them, for starters. And just to be difficult, I'll call you Milder. So screw you.

Secondly, I refuse to be knocked off until I fall in love again. It's bound to happen within the next five years—I can just feel it. Maybe it's something about this time of year that makes me want to be attached to someone, to completely conform for someone, to have to synchronize schedules with someone so as to not upset my one and only. Thankfully, when I reach this point in the train of thought, my better half stands up and calmly slaps me across the face to bring me back to my senses.

But then again...

A Def Leppard tune blasting on the radio flings me back into the cold arms of reality... "You're just another girl/ I'm just another man/ it's just another thing/whoa, yeah/ **Don't gimme love and affection/ blah, blah, skip a verse/ I don't need your understanding/ can you understand me?**" Now I'm so thoroughly jaded again that I can't even bear to reach over and turn the damn song down. It's "Love and Affection," by the way... isn't that an odd title? I mean, Jesus, some couple might

I'll Tell You Why Not, You Rat-Bastard...

pick that on the eve of their wedding to be "their song" by merit of the lovey title. I can just picture it... "Honey, let's go dance to "our" song..." Next thing we hear is: "Don't need your heart/ just gimme your..." Sweet God! It's a damn good thing that their drummer only had one arm; they might have taken over the whole music industry with an entire set of eight; who knows what kind of awful last minute choices blushing brides might have made based on Def Leppard-ish titles.

But Def Leppard makes me think of being in love, no matter how hard I try to convince myself otherwise. Thinking of being in love makes me want to review options on campus. And campus relationships make me think of settling. Ouch.

And the truly God-awful thing about inter-campus dating/ hooking up/whatever, is that it occurs at three times the normal rate. No, I don't mean the actual act—although, some of the guys here...no. Mustn't digress. I'm talking about the relationship factor. It can easily be broken up into three phases;

One: Meet at a party. "Hey baby" and the like. You dance, you drink, you chat, drink some more, end up in bed. Lovely.

Two: The next morning. It can either be awkward or simple, depending on the level of experience the guest possesses. "Call you later" ensues, maybe followed by an actual phone call. At this point you

make a conscious choice to hook up again or not—if no, repeat step one as soon as possible. If yes...

Three: Move belongings into bigger room immediately. Change answering machine message to "We're not able to come to the phone," take cute pictures at photo booth in Northampton, and of course, have sex as soon as possible—preferably within first week. **Make others ill with your euphoria. Move things entirely too quickly and have intense regrets as soon as convenient. Yeah.**

What a sad concept. I swear, I'm honestly an optimist—this environ must be getting to me more than I realized. As cute and witty as it is to be a loner with only pessimistic views on love, happiness, etc.... it would be awfully nice to be with someone that makes you, i.e., me, happy. To fall asleep next to and wake up somewhere in the vicinity of the same person for a lengthy period of time. Oh well, I've had it before - I'll have it again soon enough.

Of course, the fantastic irony is that after reading this, at least three Hampshire men will presume that they were the inspiration for such a piece of literature. Hah, guess what? One of them will be so utterly wrong. Narcissist.

R-E-S-P-E-C-T, Bitch!

by Michelle Beach

So let's talk about respect. It's something Hampshire students don't have much of. There are different types of respect. The type called common decency has already been addressed earlier this year. You can look up what Wade had to say about in some past issue if you want to. What I'm going to write about is respect for experience.

Hampshire students, in their rush to question authority, forget to respect experience. It is assumed that anyone in authority is bad and evil and have nothing worthwhile to say. They don't do anything that is good and the way they approach things is always wrong.

But what Hampshire students forget is that occasionally people in authority have experience. Some times experience is worth listening to. People who are older have experience simply because they have been around longer. Unfortunately, since they have been around longer, they are also often perceived as being in authority.

Because Hampshire students can't get past the idea that all authority is bad, they can't ever look to older, experienced people as good. Professors who suggest

classes or revisions to papers aren't doing it because they know better but because they are in authority and they can. Deadlines aren't designed to make things get done in a reasonable manner and ease other people's work load, but are set arbitrarily by "the man." Administrators who have been here for a long time don't do things and make decisions because they have experience at Hampshire but because they like to make students life more difficult. And older students who have experienced the workings of Hampshire shouldn't be listened to because they are too close to be in authority.

This is no where more apparent to me than in Community Council. Last year a new group of students was elected. They came to their first meeting ever with tons of preconceived ideas of what Council is and what it should be. Sure Council had (and has) it's problems. But this doesn't mean that people who were already involved with Council weren't already working towards solutions. When these new people came in, they wanted to take over. They came to the first meeting, after several secret meetings of their own, with proposals for changing the way things were.

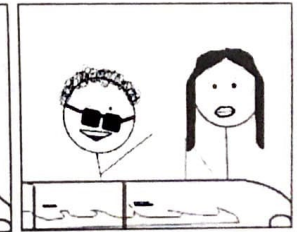
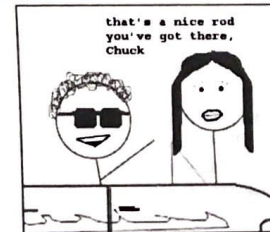
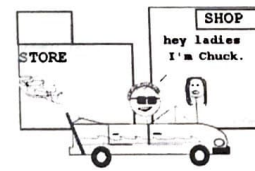
All right, change isn't bad. In fact, sometimes it can be good. But what the new people didn't realize or think to do, is talk with some of the experienced, current members of Council about their ideas. **So instead of coming with a spirit of compromise, they came with the air of invasion.** For me, it would have been nice if we could have worked together coming up with solutions we all could have been happy with. But, because I was part of the "authority" I was automatically the enemy. My experience didn't count for anything.

When I disagreed with them or talked about my experience in how things worked, they didn't listen. They were always right and I was always wrong and there was never any middle ground. We would talk about things and seem to come to an agreement and then they would go ahead and do whatever they wanted anyway.

So, respect for experience is something Hampshire students are lacking. It's too bad because sometimes if they would actually shut-up and listen for a while they might actually learn something.

'Livin' Large' with Chuck is Naked

By Caleb Chabot and Sam Holmes



Man (belch) What the fuck?

by Jess VanScoy

So, Max Weinberg is back from playing with Springsteen and me from my good ol' Dad's. I guess in retrospect we had similar adventures—a drunken haze with weird groupies hanging around.

It started with the bus ride. 24 hours long, and every minute counted. I, typically, woke up late the morning of the fateful trip and missed the bus. I love that. Especially since I was paranoid the previous evening that it would happen. Luckily there was another bus leaving later on, so I hopped aboard and made myself comfy. On the way to New York they played a lovely Peter Pan propaganda video telling the riders of all the features they had: reclining seats, televisions, nice drivers. I laughed and mocked for a few minutes until a few evil looks from other passengers ceased that. Little did I know that this mockery would come back and kick me in the ass 10 hours later.

New York, New York. Jesus, this place is one big billboard. Rows and rows of stores lit up with neon signs in 10 different languages. Two particular stores I dug: a store called Revolution, the "V" being colored in and therefore, assumed to be a gay pride store. And right next door was a hardware store called "Straight Hardware." Yyyyyeeahhh! Then there was the "Bad Cock Furnishings" and "Yum Yum Bangkok Thai Cooking." Where do you want to go for dinner? Oh, the Yum Yum Bangkok Thai Cooking place. I would live in New York just to be able to say that.

There's nothing like a long bus trip to the south to make me honestly realize what a naive little white girl I am. The swindling burns took me for an easy target as soon as I stepped into that damn bus station. The suitcase, coat, pillow, and carry-on gave me away, I think. I can't pack worth shit. ("Maybe I'll find

some Ramen noodles to cook there, so I should bring my hot pot just in case...")

But I made it safely on and met my riding partner for the next 15 hours, Henrietta. She was going down to Columbia, SC because her dead sister's husband just died. We talked for hours about our families and New York. We both chuckled over the fact that I had thought about moving there after I graduate. But at our next stop she found a property magazine for New York and we looked at it together. It was full of million dollar lofts that overlooked the city and we laughed again. But when I put my Police CD in my discman, she was the only one laughing. Aww, come on man, it's Sting!

The first bus driver was an asshole. We flew around the corners and he would make people run after the bus if he were leaving and they were a minute late. Once, he stopped the bus in the middle of an exit because he said the women talking behind him were distracting and told them to shut up. He switched off with another driver, but continued to ride the bus. It's 5:30 in the morning and I haven't slept a wink because my seat doesn't recline and the bus is making me nauseous. I finally drift off with my foot up on the seat beside me. No one was awake, I wasn't bothering anyone. The asshole bus driver pushes my foot off the seat and wakes me up. I got a total of, um, 15 minutes sleep the whole trip. AAASSSSHHHOOOLJLLEEEE!!! The final bus driver was hilarious and made up for it a little. "I only been drivin' two months and may get lost 'cause I can drive, but I jes' can't read too well," is the first thing he says to us. Then, as he's telling us the rules that, by that time, I had heard three million times, the same women were talking, so he stops and goes "I'm talkin' here, people." To which we all shut up and just rode out the duration of the trip.

Being with my dad was great.

He took me out to dinner or lunch at least once everyday which is something I wasn't used to. He took me to museums, historical sites (he was a history major, so he knows everything), seashell hunting, bars, and to play video games. We had these really long talks about things we needed to hash out and get straight. I love it when he tells me his stories as a teenager. **He's done a lot of fucked up shit, but shit that he will remember and tell his grand kids and keep them amused like he has done me.**

I yell at him for spending all his money on frivolous things all the time; but I realized that he does it to live. He has been to so many places and met so many weird people. And he remembers it all, surprisingly with all the partying he did/does. Yeah, he's still a kid.

Because I'm still in that "little girl" phase with him, though, he thought it would be nice to make me go out with my 15 year old cousin and this guy she knew. I hated every minute of it. When I first met this guy he was like "Whasssupp?!!!" and I was like "Um, hi." "You're from Maine?" "Yeah." "There aren't any black people there right?" "I guess not." "You're like all sophisticated and shit. You look like you should be in the movies." I laughed and laughed at this. "Um, OK." Later on I was trying to give them excuses as to why I wanted to leave, but they wouldn't let me because "having three people is much more fun than two." So, I ended up staying wayyy longer than I wanted to and they ended up making out right in front of me. Oh, to be 15 again! (Kill me now if it should ever happen) I was like "Um, I'm going to

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Modern Living

by Jennifer Gifford

It is 1999 and I have had a vision of the future. I imagine my grandchildren living in cubicles the size of a dorm room. They get up each morning and turn on their computers. The computers school them in what they want them to learn, then feed them the television programs they want them to see. Their only human contact consists of chat rooms and instant messaging. When they are old enough, they begin dating online, have their first kiss one night in the dim corners of a private chatroom, sneak away to special "hotel rooms" for their first sexual experiences. They get married online, select the eggs and sperm from which their children will be born online, and raise their

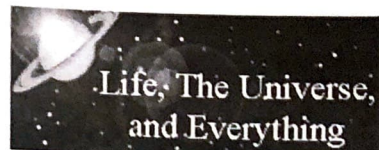
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watch TV now" and left them to their libidos. Then my aunt and uncle came home drunk and fought for a little bit. I don't exactly come from royalty. . . did I mention that? "How come you never compliment me anymore?" "Ah, just go to bed, you drunk, fat bitch." So, that, and listening to my uncle play his songs, drunk, on his guitar, was my Thanksgiving.

The night before I was to leave, my Dad took me to the coolest video arcade around. We played that Jurassic Park game for like two hours and spent around \$30. He tried to explain to me that pinball had strategy to it, but I still see it as hitting a ball when it comes to you over and over again to see where it goes. And it keeps giving you free games "if

children by spending regular time with them after cyber school, perhaps taking them to the cyber park, or the cyber zoo. They work at cyber jobs, of which there are a million. And when they die, their bodies are hauled away by service robots, their relatives notified by e-mail. **This is a world where war does not exist, where money is not an issue, where there are no rulers. It is a world devoid of life.**

My vision is, perhaps, exaggerated. Human beings will never get over the need for another human touch. But it does seem that the internet begins to take



Life, The Universe, and Everything

over our lives. Oh, sure, computers make many things a lot easier for the world. But they've also created many problems. I'll bet no one ever had a typewriter erase a ten page paper on them. And the dreaded Y2K disease did not even exist before those damned machines came into being. I guess I just get a little scared when I see that "technological innovation" seems to have halted in "bigger faster computer" mode. It has become nearly impossible to live without computers. And that is a damn shame.

So, hear this. My New Year's Resolution is to live as "computer-free" as possible. As soon as I can find a type-



Yeah, huh?

little old lady, I rarely go above the speed limit. . . Sure, dad, OK. We won't mention the little kid on his bike you almost hit on the way over. . . Then there was a "game" called the "Shocking Chair," or something like that. It was a chair that you strapped yourself into and held on to these metal poles that shocked you for as long as you could take it. Sweet, sweet America. Toying with the thought of death row and making a game of getting electrocuted. I love it. (I held on until the end, by the way. Hey.)

The bus ride back was another bitch, to say the least. And I arrived back home dirty, smelly and loaded with money, stories, memories and other free things from my dad's store, as well as the song "Roxanne" stuck in my head.



Ostrich Burger

by Sean Green

Until recently, I had considered as absolutely true the notion that the ostrich was one of Nature's stupider creatures. Let's face it, plunging one's head into the sand in times of imminent danger just does not seem to be an at all rational or even sane proposition. I, like most of you, used to think such an act constituted foolishness of metaphoric proportions – but I was wrong.

The ostrich is perhaps the smartest and most genuinely sane creature ever to walk the face of the planet. It is, as far as I know, the only animal ever to realize that facing down a pride of rabid, half-starved lions under the blistering Serengeti sun is simply too much horror for a clawless, toothless, and eminently pacifistic animal to be expected to bear. Other animals accept the fate Nature has set forth for them – the ostrich alone refuses to play ball. It will not accept as true such a terrible state of affairs as would impose constant fear and panic on behalf of the defenseless as an arbitrary part of the criteria for existence. The ostrich knows that ultimately it cannot win. It knows that it's terror-stricken survival will one day end in a savage bloodstain of snarling, tendon-snapping fury and that no amount of running will avail enfin. No, it is better to plunge your head into the sand – to pretend that life is not really so horrible and that if you do not pay any attention it might all just go away.

Against my better judgement, I wiped the sand from my eyes long enough to

come to grips with the current state of affairs on Earth. Which was, of course, a complete disaster. Here are some highlights that I think pretty well illustrate my point concerning large flightless fowl. Enjoy.

After a brief respite, apparently to reload, **New Yorkers have once again begun killing each other with that same vigor, zest, and good-old-fashioned American know-how that has made theirs' the greatest metropolis on earth.** Experts can find

no conclusive evidence for the recent rise in homicide; however, one of the three most prominent theories (according to the *New York Times*) is "a decline in police aggressiveness after the withering criticism precipitated by the police shooting of Amadou Diallo." The logic being that if it's the police who are doing the shooting then it is not really murder. Even if the individual they shoot (as in Diallo's case) hasn't done anything "wrong" per say. After all, how do we know that gunning-down innocent people might not have been a brilliant preemptive move against those who, although guiltless at the time, could have been responsible for a variety of future crimes – such as regicide, bestiality, and seditious loitering just to name a few. I need a drink.

Speaking of racist killings, a third and final defendant, Shawn Allen Berry, was convicted of the murder of 49 year-old black man James Byrd. It seems that Berry, along with his two friends John William King and Lawrence Russell Brewer, were under the impression that chaining a middle-aged man to the back of their pickup truck and dragging him to death on an asphalt road outside Jasper, Texas would have a positive impact on the future of the white race as a whole. Which makes about as much sense as anything else this week. Berry was sentenced to life in prison – his two friends got the death penalty.

In other news, Iranians poured into the streets of Tehran (Nov. 4) to commemorate the tenth anniversary of when they committed a gross violation of international law and stormed the lightly-defended U.S. embassy, taking 50 diplomats hostage – thus making the middle-east safe once again for oppressive, right-wing theocracy. As everyone knows, marching in the streets shouting "Death to America" all afternoon can work up quite a thirst. Fortunately there was plenty of cool refreshing Coca-Cola on hand to maintain the requisite anti-Western zeal. Although some demonstrators complained that embers from burning American flags were ruining their Levi's and blackening the soles of their Nikes, they were reminded that there was plenty more where that came from – an evil, godless country which will be destroyed

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by the holy fire of Allah in the coming Jihad.

And as if all that wasn't enough, the Monsanto Corporation – the people who brought you Agent Orange – has recently developed a genetically engineered potato, which produces its own pesticides internally. Yup, that's right. When asked about possible health risks, a spokesperson for Monsanto, whose parent company is Satan, said that it was not the job of the Corporation to ensure that its product was safe for consumption (!); that is the job of the FDA. The FDA ruled that the Monsanto potato was not in fact a food at all, but rather a pesticide, however one that is within the parameters of human tolerance, and therefore marketable. Another interesting twist is that farmers who buy these potatoes are only allowed to produce one crop, which they then must sell or destroy, but may not use to grow a second crop. This is because the Monsanto Corporation has patented the genetic structure of the potatoes and growing your own would be copyright infringement. (An interesting anagram of Monsanto is 'moon ants'. I'm not sure if 'moon' is a description or a command, but I am sure it means something.)

According to an article by *Times* staff writer David Barboza, "Scientists and biotechnology officials argued that the science behind genetically engineered crops was sound and that federal regulators had done an exemplary job in approving as safe the introduction of such products in the United States."

Which sounds a whole lot like what Oppenheimer might have said in 1943 if you asked him about controlled nuclear fission.

And if that doesn't make you want to drink yourself to death, read this:

The Russians are still bombing the living crap out of the Chechens. Iraqis and North Koreans are still dying off en masse because of U.S. sanctions. The Chinese government is still suppressing the religious freedom of its people (not just in Tibet). There are still more instances of terrorism, assassination, and open warfare. And if that's still not enough: the Kosovar Albanians, whom NATO recently saved from being killed, raped, and dispossessed by the Serbs, have begun killing, raping, and dispossessing the Serbs (not to mention the Gypsies and other Slavic minorities as well).

All of the above represents yet more confirmation of the fact that my interest in world politics is not so much an intellectual pursuit as it is a morbid, ghoulish fascination. One, incidentally, which is slowly dragging me towards an alcoholic coma – **which is problematic because its hard to hear yourself think over the roar of the abyss. Speaking of which, I need a drink.** Yet for all the bad news out there, there is also some good. At least George W. Bush made a complete ass out of himself in a recent interview with WHDH-TV reporter Andy Hiller. To wit:

"[Hiller] asked Mr. Bush in an interview on Wednesday if he could identify the top person in power in four countries that have recently encountered turmoil: Taiwan, Chechnya, India, and Pakistan.

Mr. Bush, the front-runner for the Republican presidential nomination seemingly knew the answer for Taiwan – Lee Teng-hui – but not the others, and tried to turn the tables on Mr. Hiller.

"Can you name the foreign minister of Mexico?" asked Mr. Bush, whose state borders Mexico.

"No, sir," Mr. Hiller answered, "but I would say to that, 'I'm not running for president.'"

- New York Times

Which I think is pretty damned funny. And speaking of damnation: here is an excerpt from one of my favorite books, which I hope will tie things together nicely.

*Firm concord holds, men only disagree
Of creatures rational, though under hope
Of heavenly grace: and God proclaiming peace,
Yet live in hatred enmity and strife
Among themselves, and levy cruel wars,
Wasting the earth, each other to destroy:
As if (which might induce us to accord
Man had not hellish foes enough besides,
That day and night for his destruction wait.*

- Paradise Lost

Thank you and goodnight.



Midget Sex - Read ON!

by Evan A. Baker

So, I'm watching Howard Stern the other night with some friends, and Dorothy (obscure ALF joke, sorry), when on comes this girl I went to High School with!

OK, I've seen people from dear old University High, Irvine, CA on TV before. I've seen a couple of guys I knew on *Singled Out*, for instance.

But I knew this chick really well! Met her in 8th grade, in drama class, took drama with her and had some mutual friends over the following four years (haven't spoken since, though). She was a little person named Cheryl (she stood 3'7").

So, there she is on *The Howard Stern Show*. Only she isn't Cheryl Murphy from down the street any more. Now she's known as Bridget the Midget, cause, see, now she's a porn star.

This freaked me out. A lot. I mean, like, a lot. I mean, I stared at the

TV in awe! How could I process this data? There she was, strutting around in bondage gear (very small bondage gear), talking about taking on five to ten guys at once! Ack!

Ok, so, as long as I've known her, Cheryl (or should I say Bridget?) was obsessed with penis size. Always used to blabber on about big dicks...

Her dreams came true, I guess, when, in one of these movies, she engaged in intercourse with a chap who was endowed with an eighteen incher! I mean, yikes! **Bear in mind, once again, this girl is only 43 inches tall!** That's 42 percent of her total height! If you, female reader, stand, let's say - 5 foot 6, then it would be like you taking on a 28 inch penis! Perhaps a few of you dream of that every night, but I imagine most of you would be a little scared. At least I hope not every girl on

campus is hunting for 28 inch dicks...

Now, to freak me out even more, certain confederates of mine want to order one or more of her videos. Do you realize how creepy it is when you're hanging out in your buddy's room, and he finds a nude picture on-line of a person-of-restricted-growth whom you knew when she was 13?! And they actually want to pay to watch her get boinked by a legion of overweight men with long shafts?! Egads!

So, yeah, I'm all creeped out right now. I guess that's all I wanted to say. Yikes! Why couldn't it have been that British cheerleader who used to get me and Anal-Retentive Scott to let her copy our results in Chemistry?! She was a damned hotty! If I can't bone her myself, I'd at least like to see a video of a bunch of hung studs doing it! But, no, she lives only in my memory, but Bridget the Midget can be viewed for a very reasonable price.

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Enter and Win ... Beer

by Jacob Chabot

Welcome to the first ever semi-annual comicopia talent free for all challenge of the millenium! The object of the game is simple, take this three panel sequence and draw a comic that shows what happens before, after, or both. Don't worry about your drawing ability, the submissions will be judged just by what happens to strike our fancy at the moment. If you want, you can team up with somebody else and split the booty. "What's the booty?" you ask? It's whatever we find that we want to part with. **Surly Boy sketches! Official old Omen pizza boxes! Beer!** I don't know what it'll be, but it'll be cool as hell! Plus the winning entry will get printed in the Omen! Now if that's not a good incentive, I don't know what is. C'mon, it'll give you something to do over Jan Term besides sleep and drink. Enter today! Thousands will enter, only one will win! Limit one page per contestant.

